

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

ONLY MARRIED WOMEN CRY AT WEDDINGS.—CONFESSION 184

Does everything always go wrong at weddings no matter how carefully they are rehearsed?

In the first place Kitty's preacher man was called to a death-bed in the settlement and kept her waiting at the church for a half hour. I could see she was nearly crazy. Then when at last he did come he did not make any apology except to tell the bare fact of why he was detained; but she, dear girl, was perfectly satisfied.

I could see his mind was not on marriage or giving in marriage and he went through the ceremony more or less in a dream.

He had forgotten all about the ring and I gave him mine, for I was standing right behind Kitty as matron of honor.

As I did so for the first time I looked into the face of the best man.

Horrors! it was Mr. Sanders.

He looked rather queerly at my wedding ring as he passed it over to Herbert, and I was so excited that I felt my knees tremble.

I had to say to myself:

"Margaret Waverly, if you don't act like a decent, civilized woman now I'll simply take you back to Dick on the next train."

The thought of Dick made me remember our wedding and all the things that had happened in our year or more of wedded life.

As usual when I thought of Dick, the man—my man—a little thrill ran through me from head to foot. I closed my eyes and for a moment it was I instead of Kitty who was standing there plighting my troth. Oh, Dick! Dick! I do wish it was easier to like the man one loves—I mean to like everything about the man one loves.

I love you—if you call wanting to be with you, to feel your arms about me, to be happier if I can look at you, can touch you—loving.

I love your strength, your inde-

pendence, your manliness; but I know now, in all the year in which we have been married, you have never greatly appealed to my intelligence or intellect. As far as culture goes we two speak a different language. I hate the moral weaknesses you have shown on more than one occasion. You can work, Dick dear, but you are not able to endure, and so you leave that to me as woman's portion.

"Until death do you part," said the minister, and I opened my eyes and pulled myself up short as I realized that I was being disloyal to Dick.

In my heart of hearts I could not help thinking that perhaps he too had some reason to be disappointed with me. I am always trying to get at the heart of things; I am not content to take things as they come; I must know WHY they come.

I looked into the faces of the bride and groom and wondered if they were starting out toward the goal from an entirely different direction.

I think that Herbert loves Kitty devotedly, but I am not so sure that there is not a lingering emotion in Kitty's heart for Bill Tenney. When I looked at Herbert, however, I wished Kitty could once compare the two men at close range. Herbert is even better looking than Bill, and no woman or child, looking at the two men, would not trust Herbert, for always—and, well, as fascinating as Bill Tenney is I would not trust him around the corner.

I used to think it silly to cry at a wedding, but at Kitty's I shed a few tears with the rest of the women who were wiping their eyes. I also found out one astonishing fact—it is that only married women cry at weddings.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Nearly 400 women applied for patents in England last year.